

# I'll praise my Maker while I've breath

G. Davis, 1770-1824

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I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Israel's God: He made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train:  
His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th'oppressed, He feeds the poor,  
And none shall find His promise vain.

The Lord has eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He sends the labr'ing conscience peace;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow, and the fatherless,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,  
And when my voice is lost in death,  
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last,  
Or immortality endures.

Isaac Watts